

MISSION NEWS

Foundation for His Ministry - Transforming communities in Mexico starting with kids.

Visit and Serve



It is easy to fall in love with the mountains of Oaxaca and to cherish the richness of the culture and traditions. Being among these great people reminds us just how small we truly are.

Nevertheless, as many who have gone before us, we do our best to leave a mark, a spiritual fingerprint, for Christ. Here our children's home reflects the kingdom of God, playing a small part in the narrative of these precious people.

In the same way, those who have joined us in Oaxaca, even for just a few days, have sown into a harvest that will bear fruit for generations. We have seen visitors turn into family. Children learn they are worth visiting and coming back to.

Thoughts of rejection are silenced when their new family calls them by name and says, "I came to see you."

There is an intimacy here between visitors/sponsors and our children that has manifested itself so purely. People from all over the world are making it a priority to be present for graduations, quinceañeras, birthdays, major transitions, and even for the day in the middle of the year when our children need a hug from Christ in you.

You are part of the story; part of the family. It's nothing little, these visits from our visitors; it's the fruit of knowing that our family means as much to you as it does to us.

Rachel Little
Oaxaca Group Coordinator

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Serving at Rancho de Cristo: Painting White Rocks



From May 28 – June 2, 2018 a team from our church went down to His Ministry's Baja Mission in Mexico to serve for a week. One of their ministries is Rancho de Cristo, a place where men come to live, to be set free from the bondage of drugs and alcohol. One day we went there for a tour and to work. Some from our group helped to shovel dirt but I volunteered to paint rocks.

The property of the Rancho overlooks the Pacific Ocean on Baja's west coast. The geography around the area is arid desert. There aren't a lot of trees or plants, but around the drive way, perimeter of the property, and the few plants that they have are white rocks. (They use some sort of calcium hydroxide solution to paint around some of the tree trunks and on the rocks.)

As the leader of the group, I was sitting there thinking "I wonder if anyone is questioning the value in painting these rocks." Many people go on the trip and expect to just play with the children the whole time or do things that seem "more significant." (I try to explain at our training meeting before we go that we do a lot of cleaning, organizing, yard work, etc. to help the full-time missionaries who are there, so they have more time to do their jobs. In doing that we encourage them, which in itself is an important ministry). Besides me wondering about what other people were thinking, I guess I have to admit that I was questioning the work assignment. The rocks were already white and they didn't seem to be in need of a second coat. As I was painting the rocks I felt like the Karate Kid, "wax on, wax off" in my questioning of the value of

it. But I felt like God reminded me, "just be obedient and do what you're asked to do." Then I felt God speak to my heart, "You're questioning the value in this, but as you do this, you're showing the men at the Rancho that you care. Some of these men have lived on the streets and have believed they have no value, but you guys coming here, shoveling dirt and painting rocks is telling them, 'You matter. I care.'"

"OK Lord, point taken."

I then began to enjoy the assignment and painting the rocks almost felt therapeutic. I felt a sense of peace as I painted and was just able to paint and pray for the men there at the Rancho. And then again as I was painting, I felt the Lord speak to my heart, "You are like these rocks. You may see the dirt and sand on them, but as you paint them, you're washing over that with white. And what people see when they look at these rocks is a brilliant bright white. That's how I see you, and that is how I see my children who come to me. I wash away the dirt and make them clean. You may see the dirt and the sin, but I see my holiness in you."

I am so thankful we have a God who cares. A God who can speak to our hearts in personal ways, despite our disobedience. And I am thankful for His Word that reminds us of His truth. "Purify me with hyssop and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Psalm 51:7

Ruth Diehl
Baja Mission Visitor

Janelle's Story

Executive Director's Journey to FFHM

I had the privilege of growing up in a Christian home. We were at church every time the doors were open. My parents were always giving to and serving others, so I learned that from them at a young age.

When I was 14 I got my first job in the kitchen of Circle C Ranch, a Christian camp. It was started by a man, Wes Aarum, who had a passion for winning souls. And he wanted to make sure everyone had the same passion. After that first summer, I worked the following eight summers in maintenance, the gift shop, and my favorite position – camp counselor. This is where I knew clearly God was calling me to full-time ministry.



So, I went to the best place I knew for training in ministry – Moody Bible Institute. This was a great time to get a good Bible foundation and to continue growing a passion for ministry, the church and missions.

While at Moody I started working for Park Community Church. I heard about trips they took three times a year to an orphanage in Baja, Mexico, and knew I had to be a part of this. I went for the first time in October 2000 and would never be the

I was deeply touched by a trip to a migrant camp. The people living there worked in the fields during the day and then lived in very poor conditions.

Our team went with the outreach staff from the Mission to serve them a meal, show them a movie, and then share the Gospel. During the movie, a little girl made her way to me and fell asleep on my lap. At the end when people were packing up the generator and equipment to leave, I still had this sleeping child. After a time we started going door to door looking for the mother. Eventually we found a crying woman who said she had hoped I would take the child home with me. She said she didn't have electricity or running water in her home and that I would be able to provide a better life. We were both weeping after this.

Once I was back in Chicago I went to Baja every chance I got. I started leading two teams a year and they were the highlight of my year.

On one of these trips we got a tour of the Mission from Charla. Half way through the tour she looked at me and said, "You need to go to Oaxaca. It's our new frontier." I didn't even know how to spell Oaxaca.

This idea finally took shape in January 2005. While we were visiting Oaxaca my pastor said, "I could see you running a place like this

someday." I couldn't imagine how that would happen but I tucked that statement away in my heart.

In June 2007, my roommate, Jill Adams, suggested going on vacation for a week to the Baja Mission. The first day we were assigned to work in the learning center for children with disabilities. We ended up spending our week there and became attached to the children. We went back to Chicago and couldn't seem to recover. I was homesick for Mexico. I kept thinking about these precious children we had worked with and the staff we had been able to get to know and all God was doing there at the Mission. I knew it was time to go and live in Mexico.

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Janelle's Story

Executive Director's Journey to FFHM

Jill was going through a similar process of hearing from God and we knew it would be easier to move to Mexico with a friend so we both decided to apply and see what happened. We got a call from the board president at the time, Peter Bianchini, saying they really needed us to go to Oaxaca. I immediately knew that was what God had planned.

So, we got a roof top carrier and loaded up Jill's two door Honda Civic with as much stuff as we could fit and in September of 2007, three months after that impactful vacation to Baja, we set out for this new stage of our lives.

After being there six months, some board members came down to figure out who could be the next administrator.

After talking to different staff members, they asked me if I would be willing. Despite my insecurities I said yes because I knew God was asking me to take this step of faith.

The next three and a half years were amazing. I saw God work in miraculous ways. I was grown in my leadership. And I loved the beauty and challenge of living in community. But then I felt like I was hearing and feeling a stirring from God that was telling me to move on. So, after four years in Oaxaca, I moved back to Chicago.

Charla always refers to the next six months of my life in Chicago as my time in the wilderness. I spent a lot of time crying and grieving for Oaxaca. I applied and interviewed for jobs. I was offered three different jobs, but had no sense of peace.

After six long months I called Charla and said, "I will go anywhere in Mexico you want to send me, I just have to be serving with Foundation For His Ministry." She said, "How would you like to come and serve in this office." Another woman had resigned hours earlier and given a week's notice, so I called at the perfect time.



I learned to love living in California and learned so much working alongside Charla. And I had the opportunity to continue traveling to Mexico – which is where my heart was. There was always the looming question of "who will take the position of Executive Director so Charla can transition out?" The board discussed several options, but none of them seemed to work out.

Then some of the board members asked me to be the Executive Director. I had the same insecurities as when they asked me to be the administrator of the Oaxaca Mission. But again, I knew I had to say yes and step out in faith in this way.

That was four and a half years ago. My former roommate, Jill, now serves as the administrator of our Baja Mission. Since then I have continued to learn most of all how to depend on God when I don't know what I'm doing or how to make something happen. One of my favorite promises I claim all the time is that if we lack wisdom, He is faithful to give it to us if we ask.

Janelle Keller,
Executive Director

Founding Director, Charla Writes: The Centurions



Dorothy and Bob Bond with Charla Pereau

BOB AND DOROTHY BOND FROM COTTAGE GROVE, OREGON: Bob built a church, three parsonages, and transformed an old construction trailer into our first Christian bookstore. Dorothy, a quilter of note, spent months in the sewing room. Every Sunday morning, they got up early to bake Morning Glory Muffins and surprised the staff with this delightful treat.

MORNING GLORY MUFFINS – Dorothy Bond

MIX: into a large bowl
2 cups all purpose flour
1¼ cups white sugar
2 tsp. baking soda
2 tsp. cinnamon & ½ tsp. salt.

STIR: in 2 cups grated carrots
½ cup raisins
½ cup chopped nuts
½ cup coconut
1 apple, peeled, cored and grated.

BEAT: together, 3 eggs, 1 cup vegetable oil
& 2 tsp. vanilla.

BERNICE LINVOG CELEBRATES HER 100TH BIRTHDAY: Since 1972 Bernice and Earl have faithfully supported His Ministry and made countless trips to the Mission. They taught puppetry to staff and children and took upholstery classes at night so they could re-upholster furniture for the mission.; so began the upholstery ministry. And that's not all; Bernice chauffeured me to speaking engagements all around the Pacific Northwest, and later in life she and Earl cared for my mother who was in her 90s.



A surprised Bernice Linvog celebrating with Charla & Chuck Pereau

Charles and Charla Pereau,

I read with particular interest your article about your 50th Anniversary. Being a retired accountant I have records that few people would bother to keep. My first year helping to support the Foundation was 1970. My gifts totaled \$109, 1971- \$144, 1972,3,4 - \$180 each. The total support to the Foundation through 2014 was \$17, 298. The lesson to be learned by these figures is that gifts shall count. We never know how long the Lord is going to let us make these gifts and they do add up. Our Lord has especially blessed me – last September I celebrated my 100th birthday. May God continue to bless you in carrying out His work.

R.C. "Bob" Hayden

Charla Pereau
Founding Director



Foundation for His Ministry

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If you no longer wish to receive our newsletter, simply return your address label in the enclosed envelope, or email us at: info@ffhm.org

Thank you, Father, for those who care!

**WE
NEED
YOUR
HELP**



OUR CHRISTIAN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS ARE BACK IN SESSION.

We're educating and discipling over 60 children. You can be a part of this by providing uniforms, shoes and school supplies.

The estimated cost per child is \$75. To invest in a child's life visit: <https://www.ffhm.org/support-financially> or call Linda (949) 492-2200.

September 2019

Give a gift in memory or honor of someone special. The individual's name will be mentioned below.
A card can be sent to the individual's family. Donate online www.ffhm.org or call Linda at (949) 492-2200.

IN MEMORY OF:

Chuck & Phyllis Mills

By Russ Mills

Jim & Ellie Johnson

By Bonnie Shelton

Gloria Teibel, My wife

By Thomas Teibel

Gina Donnelly

By Patricia Durkin

Barb Coe

By Frederick Coe

Walter & Martha Winnes

Mom & Dad

By Donald Winnes

Andrea Skudlarek

By Donald & Janet Skudlarek

Helen Valborg Torkelson

By Chuck & Charla Pereau

Bob Sato

By Michiko Kus

Martha Whitmarsh Cook

By Abigail Gage

By Meganne Smith

By Brett Lundstrom

By Mary Toma

By Patrick Schussman

Betty Giles

By Sandra Giles

David Wahl

By E. Ruth & Gustav Wahl

Judy Keller

By Karl Keller

By Kimberly Powell

Arnold Moser

By JoAnn Herendeen

IN HONOR OF:

Don & Jan Skudlarek's

60th Wedding Anniversary

By Matthew Skudlarek

Chuck & Charla's

70th Wedding Anniversary

By Jon Magnuson

By Laverne Fandrei

By Coreen Otto

By Steve Woita

By David Gustafson

By Kurt Christensen

By David Powers

Foundation for His Ministry

By Kenneth Liskum

The Marriage of Cristina Leighton

& Steve Gillrie

By the Leighton, Sheridan &

Bohn families